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## GIVE THEM CREDIT FOR SOME SENSE.

THE EVENING WORLD does not believe the uniformed employees of the city are in favor of a return of Tammany to power.

How can they be?  
Are lieutenants on the eligible list of the Police Department hankering to pay \$15,000 to somebody to become captains?  
Are roundsmen yearning to "give up" from \$3,000 to \$5,000 to become lieutenants?  
Do ordinary patrolmen want to hand over from \$500 to \$1,000 to become roundsmen?  
Does the average man on the waiting list prefer to pay \$300 to become a policeman?  
Would patrolmen generally rather "slip" somebody from \$25 to \$100 to be transferred?  
Or would one and all rather stand by the eligible list with the right of free promotion and promotion on merit?  
City employees are not fools.

A thin skin seems to go with a thick neck.

## LET IT LIVE UP TO ITS NAME.

AN EVENING WORLD READER, in a letter printed elsewhere, voices the feeling of thousands of New Yorkers as to the needless, nerve-racking screechings and grindings of brakes and wheels on city railway lines.

The Evening World has repeatedly denounced the unchecked riot of this particularly torturing, brain-piercing noise- nuisance.

This reader asks, with many others: "What can we do to help bring relief?"

A Public Service Commission was established some six years ago for the express purpose of protecting the public from exactly this sort of imposition and annoyance. Every complaint addressed to the Commission lays upon its members the obligation to consider and, if reasonable, to investigate the same.

Five years ago the Chairman of this Commission expressly declared:

We intend to do everything in our power to obviate the needless noises of the city transportation lines.

We are not engaging in any spasmodic action.

We intend to follow this problem until we obtain permanent results.

The Chairman of the Commission then was William R. Willcox. The Chairman to-day is Edward E. McCall.

Before the street railway companies can be made to fix their brakes and oil their tracks it may be necessary to convince the Public Service Commission as now constituted that the part of its title which refers to serving the public has not lost its meaning.

The Captain of the Volturo proved himself every inch of a man!

## CAR RUFFIANS.

FOLLOWING the car rowdy comes the car ruffian. The former was a plague. The latter is a menace.

Car rowdies were often only young men who rough-housed to the discomfort and disgust of their fellow passengers. Car ruffians are full grown brutes who carry revolvers, deliberately insult women and who, when interfered with, fight viciously and shoot to kill.

Three weeks ago a police sergeant who tried to protect two girls from a pair of these beasts in a Second avenue elevated train was fatally shot. The latest disgraceful scene of the kind occurred the other day on a Third avenue Brooklyn trolley car. Two ruffians got into the car and began to jostle and throw their arms around women passengers. A police detective interfered, a desperate fight ensued in the course of which revolvers were flourished and a man's leg was broken, and the two thugs were landed at a police station only after a riot which nearly became a lynching.

It is time the police took strenuous measures to suppress these brutes that infest elevated and trolley lines. Special policemen should be detailed to ride on cars and convince car ruffians that the public means to make short work of them.

Be it Concord, N. H., or Albany, N. Y., how the law loves to linger longer!

## Letters From the People

**Notary Street Cars.**  
To the Editor of the Evening World:  
I have heard so many people, in so many different parts of this city, at so many times, express themselves in accord with my own ideas on the subject of the useless, senseless, insulting, ear-splitting noises made by our various street and elevated cars, that I have taken the liberty to write to you as one whom I think expresses a pretty general approval of your efforts to stop the nuisance.  
With many other plain people, I would welcome a suggestion from you as to how one can go about it to aid you in accomplishing a thing that any one with intelligence knows is essential to the health of the city.  
Of course, the stock answer of the

Public Service Corporations may be expected to be, "What does the citizen 'kicker' know about running a railroad?" And it is true that there are many "footless kickers" that give room for that retort. But I, personally, with this very problem in mind, after reading (hopefully) two or three of your recent editorials, made a point of observing in different parts of the city the operation of cars of all sorts. It will be perfectly apparent to any one doing likewise that even large and heavily loaded new cars can be brought to a stop from fair speed without so much as a squeak, while behind may come an empty car with worn-out brakes that for half a block would raise a protest from the devil himself with its screechings.  
HOPEFUL.

## The Day's Good Stories

## Bad for the Building.

ON the corner of a dilapidated house near the edge of the city is a small sign which bears the words "Barn Filled Here."  
A neighborhood hunter got down from his wagon, went to the fence near the sign and carefully examined the words. Then he walked back to his wagon.  
As he gathered up his lines and prepared to drive on the hunter gave another look at the sign on the corner and exclaimed:

## Grief and Remorse.

"O," said the stage manager, "you are the heroine. You are supposed to suffer more than anybody else in the play. You must put yourself into a frame of mind to weep and grieve and remorse."  
"I know," replied the leading woman, "I try to make myself believe I'm one of the people who paid \$2 to see this play."—Washington Star.

## A Very Sensitive Plant

By Maurice Ketten



## The Jarr Family



## The Jarrs' Homecoming Triumph Qualifies for the Flivver Class

spot tagged "J" on the dock. All around them were greetings and kisses. But not a soul appeared to greet the Jarrs except neighborly Mrs. Dusenberry, the poor old woman who lived on her soldier's widow pension in a tiny ground-floor flat nearby to the Jarrs.

"Bless me! How well you're looking,

and the little boy!" cried the old lady heartily, and she gave Mrs. Jarr a motherly kiss and hugged Master Willie.

"Gertrude and I have been waiting here for hours," the old lady went on, "but when Gertrude saw the boat coming she wouldn't stay, but rushed home

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## HOW I GOT MY FIRST RAISE.

The Evening World will pay a cash prize of \$25 for the best account of "How I Got My First Raise."  
The story must be true in every detail and subject to confirmation. It must give the writer's actual experience in obtaining his first increase of salary.  
Condense your narrative to 500 words or less—preferably less. Write on only one side of the paper. Address "First Raise Editor, Evening World, Box 1264, New York City."

## WON NOT ONLY A CUSTOMER BUT A RAISE.

Working in a cigar store in Brooklyn, I noticed a gentleman passing by every morning with a cigar in his mouth, but was not successful. Later he walked into the store and said: "I have been buying my cigars from one dealer for the last seven years, paying \$15 a hundred for them, and now he is selling me bad cigars. I will buy a box from you at the same price and if satisfactory you can have my trade." I reasoned that the other dealer was not selling him bad cigars, but that this man had lost his taste, probably from smoking too much, or his stomach being out of order. Anyhow I told him to wait till next morning before buying the box, as a new lot of fine cigars would arrive. I persuaded him to touch no cigar until the following morning, so as to enjoy the fine quality of our new stock. I only wanted him to have a rest. It was a risk, but he came the following day and bought a box of cigars and remained a steady customer thereafter. When the boss heard of this he raised my wages from \$5 to \$7 a week.

FRED MATER.

## HIT ON PLAN TO CUT FIRM'S EXPENSES.

In July, 1911, I was in the employ of a chemical company. My chief duty was to route the shipments which came to New York and see that they were reshipped by the proper railroad lines. Previous to June, 1911, a truckman was needed to cart the material (heavy barrels weighing 30 pounds each) across Manhattan Island to Pier 7, North River. This, of course, meant quite an item of expense and cartage charges. However, in June, 1911, the railroad had established a branch receiving pier on the same dock at which the goods arrived. Although this meant that the long haul was done away with this was not called to the attention of the concern and the same high cartage charges were paid. Happening to notice this, I called the matter to the attention of the boss and as a result, after a pretty stormy interview, the truckman was given up and another secured. This resulted in a saving in about three months of over \$100. As a reward I was informed the next week that my wages would be \$1 more a week.

SIDNEY PICKER.

445 Fifth Street, Brooklyn.  
KNOWLEDGE OF STENOGRAPHY WON HER PROMOTION.  
Scene: Large insurance brokerage

house on William street. Time, 12.30 P. M. Mr. W. (rushes in with a letter in his hand)—I want a stenographer and want one quick. Where are they? "Out to lunch," I answered. "Well," said he, "I MUST get this letter on a steamer that leaves within thirty minutes, and I shall have to get a stenographer." I had been hired to index books at \$3 a week and no one in the office knew that I could do stenography. "Well, Mr. W., I will take the letter." He was very much surprised and asked: "Can you do stenographic work?" Why didn't you say something?" I took the letter and transcribed it and it went on the steamer. One week later the head stenographer and one of the juniors had a quarrel and the junior stenographer left. Mr. W. asked the head of the firm if I might be given a trial, and I was put on as a stenographer. I "made good," and within the course of two weeks was given \$10. My first raise—\$4.

LILLIAN P. ZATIN.

No. 23 Columbia avenue, Woodhaven, L. I.

## WON PROMOTION BY KINDNESS TO THE OLD.

I had been working as a clothing salesman for a few weeks, when an old gentleman entered the store and asked me whether I had some nice suits. I immediately brought a chair for him and, excusing myself, proceeded to look for the suits, and soon found one that suited him. Unnoticed by me, the proprietor had been standing in the shadow, and watched me whether I had some nice suits. I immediately brought a chair for him and, excusing myself, proceeded to look for the suits, and soon found one that suited him. Unnoticed by me, the proprietor had been standing in the shadow, and watched me whether I had some nice suits. I immediately brought a chair for him and, excusing myself, proceeded to look for the suits, and soon found one that suited him. Unnoticed by me, the proprietor had been standing in the shadow, and watched me whether I had some nice suits.

MAX ASHMAN.

## BOUGHT EXTRA WORK IN DOMESTIC SERVICE.

At the age of sixteen I left home to earn my own money, and I found work as a domestic. I was very short and looked like a little school girl. I told the lady I could work, as my mother taught me to, and I was willing to do my best. I asked what she paid other girls. She said \$3 a month. "Well," I said, "you can try me at \$3 and if you're satisfied with me then you can give me more." I did my best and always looked for work at night. I mended the boy's stockings and sew on buttons. The second month I received \$5, my first raise.

CLARA DECHERT.

Woodridge, N. J.

## LITTLE CAUSES OF BIG WARS

By Albert Payson Terhune.

Did you know that a pall of large scale conflict that raged for many months and cost thousands of lives? Or that a drunken man's playful attempt to kiss a village bride started one mighty war? And that a snub administered by a pretty woman started another? Some of the greatest wars have arisen from trivial causes. The seeds of these wars and their causes are not only educational, but of fascinating interest.

"Little Causes of Big Wars" will begin in Monday's Evening World, Oct. 20.

## The May Manton Fashions

Drapery at the sides just below the hips is to be found in the very newest skirts. Since this one can be made either with or without the train, it is adapted to various needs. It seems especially well adapted to the use of two materials, but they are not necessary, for one can be used throughout to give very beautiful results. Everything that can be draped, successfully is appropriate, and since all fashionable materials seem made for the purpose, this skirt is a long one. In the illustration a rich material is combined with velvet brocade, and the result is a very attractive material. The skirt is made of two pieces, the front and sides being cut in one and from wide material.

For the medium size the long skirt as illustrated will require 4 1/2 yds. of material. 36, 44, yds. 28, 2 1/2, 3 1/2, yds. 21 or 27 in. wide for the train and panels. The width of the skirt in walking length is 1 yard and 22 inches at the lower edge.

Pattern No. 8038—Four-Piece Skirt, 22 to 30 Waist.

Pattern No. 8038 is cut in sizes from 22 to 30 in. waist measure.

Call at THE EVENING WORLD MAY MANTON FASHION

500 Broadway, 100 West Thirty-second street (opposite

the Gimbel Bros.), corner Sixth avenue and Thirty-second street.

New York, or sent by mail on receipt of ten cents in coin or

stamps for each pattern ordered.

IMPORTANT—Write your address plainly and always specify

size wanted. Add two cents for letter postage if in a hurry.

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